TOMBSTONE'S OLD COACHES.

TREASURE BOXES FOR WHICH BOLD ROBBERS LAY IN WAIT.

A Coach Just Sold Was Held Up Twentyfive Times in Three Years - Highway Robbery Beduced to a Science-Occasional Mishaps to Bandits-Brave Drivers.

Tucson, Ariz., April 10.-The recent sale of the last of the four stage coaches which ran between El Paso, Tex., and the famous mining eamp of Tombstone, Ariz., twenty years ago and transported hundreds of passengers and tens of thousands of dollars in bullion is reviving the memories of all the old-time miners in the Territory concerning the glorious days of stage coaching in Arizona and the hair-raising experiences the coach drivers and occupants had with desperate bandits and accomplished highwaymen. The surviving coach has been bought by a circus, and will be used for exhibi-tion purposes in a Wild West act. For eleven years the battered, weather-beaten and bulletmarked vehicle stood in a barn at Benson. The other three coaches were broken up and destroyed years ago. A Benson man, realizing that some day there would be a new interest in the fourth coach, bought it in 1884 for \$90. He sold it last month for \$700.

When the Tompstone gold and silver mines were opened in March, 1879, and a town of 10.000 people grew up in fourteen months. there were no ratiroads in Arizona. The nearest was the Texas and Pacific, with its western terminus at El Paso, some 220 miles east from mbstone. The Southern Pacific and the Santa Fé railroads did not build into the Ter ritory unti 1882. When the news went abroad that Richard Gird and Ed Schaeffelin had found ore that went 600 ounces to the ton in silver and \$45 a ton in gold, every mining camp in Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado and California was thrilled. When reports came in May, 1879, at other and later miners on the scene at Tombstone were making from \$4,000 to \$6,000 a month each in the sulphurets, thousands of half-crazy men went hurrying over mountains and across deserts to Tombstone. Throughout the summer and fall of 1879 and during the whole of 1880 and 1881 there was no camp in the West except Leadville that compared in wealth production and gayety with Tombstone First and last \$8,000,000 was taken out of the Tombatone mines.

The International Express Company was organized in Galveston, Tex., in June, 1879, to run a stage coach line between Tombstone and El Paso. The concern was a part of the Wells-Fargo Express Company. Four stage coaches were put on, and each was to make a round trip from the railroad to Tombstone every five days. There was room, within and without, for foursen passengers on each coach. The company knew that it was going to do stage coaching in the wildest and most lawless part of the Union at that time, and took precautions to protect its passengers and its bullion. The treasure boxes were doubly strengthened, the drivers were armed with the best weapons, and a guard, who was an expert shot and sat always with a short rifle in his lap, rode on each In some localities among the San Rita Mountains two armed guards rode on every coach. But with all these precautions the Tomb-

stone stage coaches were probably held up oftener during the first two years they were run than any other coaches in the Union. The each sold the other day was held up by masked robbers fully twenty-five times in three years, four times in the month of September, 1879. Its front and sides show where half a dozen bullets passed into or through it. The route from Tombatone to El Paso led through 200 miles of country where no white men lived in those days, except the garrison rt Bowle. There were vast stretches of alkali plains, where a white man was not seen for weeks at a time. A better region for highway robbery could scarcely be imagined. There were on the route passes miles long through the San Felipe and Dragoon mountains. There were outs where outlaws might be in concealment for days until the stage coach was upon the scene, and then the robbers in absolute security, might suddenly call on the driver to stop and allow the coach to be robbed. The mountain fastnesses abounded in safe hiding spots, where, among the granite boulders and flinty trails even an Apache Indian would have difficulty in tracking fugitive marauders. In those days ice system of Arizona was a farce, and the few United States marshals and other peace officers were too deeply absorbed in mining possibilities in Tombstone to give time to chasing bandits. So the wagon roads from Tombstone to El Paso, and also from Tomb-Angeles abounded with highwaymen.

The money and bullion carried by the Tombstone stage coaches was an inducement for desperate outlawry. In the hold-up at Masallero Pass in October, 1880, the robbers got twenty-four pounds of gold bullion, besides \$3,300 in cash taken from the passengers, and a lot of diamond studs, rings and gold watches It was not uncommon for a coach out of Tombstone to carry \$16,000 or \$20,000 in bullion. and for each passenger to have from \$200 to \$5,000 in his leather-belt grips. It is reckoned that the four stages between Tombstone and El Paso carried about \$650,000 in bullion during 1880, while the stages westward from Tombstone to Yuma and Los Angeles, via Tucson, carried as much more. Major George Harkness of Deming once rode as guard on a eoach from Tombstone to Fort Bowie that earried \$90,000 in coin and bullion. This fortune was intrusted to a lumbering vehicle and two men, over a 200-mile route where murder might occur at any moment. There was no

other way of getting the metal to market. The bravery of the drivers of the Tombstone stage coaches is still a theme that all the oldtimers in this region dwell upon with particular fervor. A half dozen drivers were killed by outlaws on the route to El Paso, and as many more were wounded by men in ambush. But the stage company never knew a time when it could not find some one to risk his life in driving a coach over any part of the route. The pay of a driver was \$80 a month. After the first six months of the company's existence two relay stations were established, and thereafter the drivers had to drive only fourteen hours at a stretch, and they made better time

There were four and six horse teams to each each, and it not only required a vast deal of herve to sit outside the stage as a target day and night for outlaws, but, further, the work demanded the very best of driving skill and a lot of physical endurance. With the express company's iron-bound, blue-painted treasure box, holding about a bushel, under the driver's seat, with a sawed-off shotgun and several pistols close at hand, the coach driver would gather a bunch of leather reins in each hand, and yelling sharply at his horses to start up, would go out of Tombstone in a whirl. If any stage driver ever felt a twinge of fear when he looked into the muzzle of a loaded and cocked rifle in the hands of a masked outlaw he never betraved his feelings to his nearest companion. record in a hold-up if he had saved the treasure box from a highwayman. The day the news came into El Paso that the west-bound Tombstone stage had been held up, the guard and driver both shot and the treasure box carried away, the driver on the next following stage laughed and said he guessed he'd have to keep

As a class the Tombstone stag-ecoach drivers were ruggedly honest men. They knew none of the Ten Commandments, perhaps, but they were proud if a man put confidence in their honesty, and they risked their lives in the performance of their duty. Some of the drivers, poor in pocket and homeless though they were, used to be intrusted by Tombstone business men with hundreds of dollars in money, to be deposited in a bank in El Paso. Bill Soggs, who was killed later in an Apache campaign in New Moxico, was never worth a dollar and was notorious gamiller and drinker when off duty. Yet he used to carry \$1,500 and even \$3,000 in cash for Tombstone merchants and aloon keepers to deposit in an El Paso bank. He was unable to read or write, and not a scratch of the pen existed against him, and frequently there was no third party to prove

his own eyes peeled for the same gang.

that he had received any money. He was inensely proud of the trust in him, and he would ot rest when he had reached his destination till he had put the money in the bank. Then ne might get intoxicated and go to gambling.

Valuables used to be put into all sorts of strange places on the Tombstone stages which the highwaymen would not suspect. The treasare box has sometimes been filled with blocks of stone of the size of silver and gold bricks. while the treasure itself would be wrapped among the horse blankets and put on the driver's seat. People used to carry their coin and greenbacks in several small buckskin sacks tied across their chests and backs. The cushions of the stage coach have carried many a fortune in greenbacks to and from Tombstone. the money having been secretly and carefully sewed in them before the coach started on its

The outlaw gang most dreaded by the drivers and guards on the Tombstone stage coaches was that of which José Aguilar was the head. Aguilar was caught along the Rio Grande in the winter of 1885-86, and was ynched by cattlemen among whom he and his followers had committed many outrages. There were seven or eight men in the gang known as the Sonora band, from the fact that they came from the State of Sonora. Mexico. Aguilar was a dapper little fellow, about five eet five inches tall and about 115 pounds weight. He had an uncommonly good education, and his mother and rich aunts had projected a priestly career for him. From his youth he led his companions into adventurous and criminal ways. He possessed a zeal to do big things in the way of thrilling people with deeds of boldness and nerve. He was a murderer and highwayman at 21, and, but for his flight into the San Rita Mountains across the boundary into Arizons, he would have been hanged in Mexico for his crime

Aguilar attacked the Tombstone stage sev eral times in 1880, and once or twice in January and February, 1881. Once he and his men got \$4.500 in silver bullion, an assortment watches, and a half dozen purses and wallets of money. Another time, when the guard had been picked off by a sharpshooter who lay concealed among some mesquite chaparral, the driver refused to throw off the tressure box. and while the bandit was parleying with the driver a man on the inside of the coach thrust a sawed-off shotgun loaded with buckshot through the folds of a leather curtain in the stage and shot Aguilar's first lieutenant in the abdomen. The bandit screamed as he toppled forward to his death, and the three accompanying outlaws were so disconcerted for a moment that they offered no resistance, while the nervy driver lashed his horses and drove off down the grade while bullets whistled about his head.

"I was one of the nine passengers on the old red and yellow Tombatone coach on the day the Sonora gang got fully \$8,000 in booty," said James G. Phillips the other day. "The parration of the incident will show how a stage robbery was conducted in those days, and especially how easily a trained gang can hold up four times their number of armed and really nervy men and rob them as easily as lambs. We had been riding some twenty-six hours, and were going through a sandy cut in the Santa Inez Mountains, twenty miles east from Eckert's Springs in southern New Mexieo. It was intensely hot weather, in June, 1880, and we were all well-nigh exhausted by the heat and lack of sleep. In our party was Col. Hopkins, who has since been keeper at the Santa Fé Territorial Penitentiary, and as brave a man as ever lived on the border. There was also Capt. Wilcox, who was a scout in Gen. Crook's campaign against the Apaches.

"We had joked about what we would do if the stage were held up, and some of us had actually planned how best to use a pistol and conceal our money if any rash bandits should interfere with us. Several of us felt too proud to conceal our personal valuables, because that is on the frontier quasi confession of lack of nerve. We were just finishing a sort of meal from our grips and paper sacks one morning just at dawn, when bang! bang! bang! came three shots.

"Of course, we old-timers in the Territory knew what it meant, but do you know we were so completely taken off our guard we thought only of how we might keep our valuables by cealing them. The coach was in a narrow cut, where the sand made the travel so hard that the wheels just turned. A German saloon keeper from El Paso, who was going out to Tombstone to collect whiskey bills, dropped a can of pickled clams from which he was mak-

'Vell, I'll be tammed.' "Then we heard a man call out: 'Don't lower your hands. There are eleven of us, and That was from the leader of the gang. 'Here, you fellows on the inside,' he continued, 'hist out of there! No guns allowed, gentlemen. Come out on this side and keep your hands up. Now mind, one move for your guns and you'll

never breathe again." "Now, a man would be a fool to try to reach down under the coach seat for a gun or to pull one from a holster at such a moment. I guess every one of us felt about the same way that I did. You see, not one of us knew how many guns there were out among the boulders aimed plumb at each of us and none of us wanted to take chances. So out we climbed from the coach, each of us with palms up. We had been caught and it would have been suicidal to re-It makes me smile now to think how we, with both of our hands on a level with our ears meekly followed in single file down out of the coach, while the driver stood up on the box with his hands several inches above his head. "When we got up on the bank above the cur

we saw two masked men not a yard away. I remember seeing two rifle barrels shoved out from among the rocks, about sixty feet away. straight toward us. One of the men had a sawed-off double-barrelled shotgun, which was cocked. With that in his hands he kept running his eyes over us from under his mask The spokesman kept up a running series of orders and advice for us.

"Stand still, there, gentlemen." he said You, driver, don't move. You're all covered by dead-sure shots. You'd be —— fools to be killed, wouldn't you, when you can go your way by leaving me and my pards a little cash for grub money.'

"This was all done so quickly that my telling t makes the incident seem long. Giving one quick glance about him to see whether his exposed and concealed comrades were at their

posts, he said:
"'I want your money and diamonds, gentlemen. Don't want no watches. We've a bushel of 'em over at camp now. Here, you old chap [referring to Col. Hopkins], pull off that diamond. Don't fool. Now put your wads and sparklers in that box pointing to an open cigar box which had been placed close at hand!, and

don't make a move toward any gun." "Like meek lambs we dug down in our pockets and hauled out our wallets. One man said he had only \$10 and wanted that for grub in Tombstone, but the spokesman of the robbers said it was a lie. I put about \$30 in the box. I had, like three others of the passengers, my money in a leathern belt about my wais: unde my clothes. About \$300 and four lare dia-

monds were gathered in the harvest. "'Now, don't move,' said the spokesman when we had parted with our money and some of our jewelry. 'Driver, throw off the Lox, Hurry up. Don't make a false move or voi never wink again. Quick, heave her off. That's right. Now, throw off your guns, and mind, we've got a bead on your head. All right now. Gents, get back in the coach, and don't be fool-ish about trying to kill me, for that wouldn't

help you any." One by one we got into the coach. In trice the driver was ordered to drive on. Then amid several shots (merely to make a demonstration to us) among the boulders, the ceach went on. The spokesman bandit and his assistant stood and watched us till we got out of sight. I believe the thieves got about \$2,000 that time. Hold-ups were so common in those days that the story of our experience with the Aguilar gang was even less than a one day's

But once in a while the bandita met coach drivers and passengers who refused to be robbed. In the early winter of 1879-80 a party But once in a while the bandita met coach

of men from Cheyenue, who had been out to see about buying mines in the Tombstone country, were on their way back to El Paso. One of the party, a quiet, pale-faced, slender young man named Henry Madison, made himself famous in the Territories for his nerve The coach was rumbling along close to where the copper mines of Lockett have since been discovered. It was late in the afternoon. Suddeply some one outside called "Halt!" The driver tried to get his gun to his shoulder, but

was shot so that he nearly rolled off the box. The coach came to a stop. The bandit, this time an armed and unmasked one, demanded in the usual way that every one get out. Several men did so. Young Madison demurely followed. As he stepped down he apparently tripped and fell. With an exclamation of pain he leaned back against the coach as if half He saw his chance The bandit had turned his head to observe the restless horses. Madison snatched up a six-shooter from the coach floor and shot the bandit through the chest in a fraction of a second. The bandit fell backward. The assistant, who stood near the horses' heads, turned to see who had shot his companion. At that second another passenger, who had not got out of the coach and had found a peephole through the canvas front from which he had a view of things ahead of the vehicle, shot the assistant down. Madison, from his place at the coach step, finished the assistant with another shot.

It has always been a matter of conjecture among the old-time Tombstone people what would have been the outcome of the incident had there been a dozen or so concealed confederates about the spot where the stage coach was stopped. But it seems there were only two robbers there this time, and all their talk about partners who were hidden near with cocked rifles in their hands was a bluff. The bandit at the horses' heads was dead when the stage passengers reached him, and the other was taken to Fort Bowle, where he died a day or two later. The driver's arm was so badly wounded that it had to be amoutated. Richard Gird gave him a gold watch and a job in mining company's office. There was \$15,000 of bullion in the treasure box on that trip.

There was even some humor among the highwaymen who used to lie in wait for the Tombstone stage coaches. Mrs. Richard Gird. wife of the millionaire owner of the original Tombstone mine and now a resident of San Francisco, has told many times of an experience she and several of her Tombstone women friends had once in a hold-up.

"There were eight passengers in the coach," said Mrs. Gird. "and four of them were women, wives of the mining operators. We were going to El Paso to have charge of the Tombstone mining exhibit there for a fortnight. It was just at the edge of the evening when the coach swung around a bend among the foothills in the San Rita Mountains, and there were three masked men standing with guns in hand. One man had a bead drawn on the driver, another stood ready to shoot any one in the coach who might make a demonstra-tion, while the third was evidently to be the spokesman and general manager of the bandit party. We had prepared for any possible hold-up by not taking any unneces sary money with us, and we had been assured that the express company's treasure box contained only company papers and some sample chunks of ore. Therefore we had arranged it among ourselves to make not the least resistance if robbers should wish to see us, and we were not very much worried when the masked man did call to our driver to stop. The coach curtains were down and we were trying to sleep as best we could in our cramped positions. 'Well, what yer got?' called the speaking outlaw when our coach came to a halt. He was evidently pained to see the stage so closed to

"'Only two whiskey agents, a gambler and four old hens,' replied the driver with a depre-'You lie,' said the masked speaker. 'I've been in this here business too long.

"Hope to die. Look in and see for yourself."

"But peering into a covered stage coach was langerous work for any highwayman. A few green men in the profession had been shot lead in the Territory by passengers from the inside by such fool work on the highway. The three highwaymen evidently thought they had struck something pretty rich, and they certainly were experienced in their operations.

The driver was told to stand up and hold his hands above his head. The spokesman told his usual tale about concealed comrades all about. The two assisting masked men backed off to one side of the road, and from be-hind a boulder had a full sweep of the locality with their rifles, and, at the same time, protect ed their own bodies. It was plain that the speaking outlaw felt that the gang was going to make the prize hold-up of its existence. He gripped his rifle and strained every nerve to do quick and sure work if the occasion demanded He fairly shook with excitement. Imagine then how he felt when four travel-stained middle-aged women in cheap called gowns. a Catholic priest, a blacksmith, a dentist and a disreputable-looking old prospector all filed down and out of the coach with our hands up, and looking as if we just had barrels of coin about us. There was no more show o fight in our party than there is in a wet cat. One of the women could hardly keep her face straight. It seemed so ridiculous to make such a fuss and preparation to rob us and to guard against any shooting by us. Our very appearance showed that we had nothing to save from robbers and that we were indifferent to any hold up.

"I have often wished that I might have seen the face of the leader of the gang, but his mask concealed that. We did, however, hear him swear a blue streak. He just stood there and rolled out a string of oaths when he realized that he and his partners had struck the poorest couch load of passengers that way in months "'You're a fine lot of tolks to go travelin'. ain't ye?' he said. 'I'd be ashamed to ask bread from such a measly, scrubby set as ye are like. Why, we ain't even got on silver watches, and ye ain't worth wastin' powder and shot on. A preacher and women to hold up after all our work to do this job right.'

"One of the men from behind the boulders called out to the leader to go through the men's clothes, anyhow, while he (the man behind the rock) kept a gunsight on the party. The leader told the blacksmith to turn his pocket inside out, and to show whether he had a leather belt When the blacksmith meekly showed up five or six dollars, the speaking bandit ex-

"'Oh, this is the meanest crowd that ever travelled this way. Keep your small change and get back in the coach and get out as fast as

"The stage driver actually snickered at the situation. When he was ordered to throw the express money box off, he did so without a remonstrance. Then away we rode out among the chaparral, leaving the outlaws to cuss at finding only ore specimens and some papers in the box that had often held thousands of dollars in bullion and coin."

THE ENGINEER'S SHANTY.

An Addition to the Portable Boilers See

portable boilers that may be seen so frequently in these days temporarily estab-lished in the street to furnish power for steam drills, and for other purposes, are commonly not shielded from the weather, nor is it customary to provide a shelter for the engineer Their stay may be short, and their work may not be continued in bad weather. But there was seen the other day, on a job where it had been set up for a long pull, a portable boiler at whose firing end there had been for the engineer a rough shanty. It was big enough to contain a tool chest and space for coal, and there was room to hang coats on nails driven in the walis. It was made of refuse stuff, and had a second-hand door hung on one side. was not a big house, six or eight feet square, and high enough to give a man head room

A CASTER-OUT OF DEVILS. FOR THIRTY YEARS HE HAS HAD HIS PRACTICE ABOUT READING.

He Is Not Sure Whether Demons Really Do ossess People Sometimes, and Thinks It Best to Take No Chances-Bis Patients and His Cures-Effect of a Strong Will.

READING, Pa., April 22 .- Thousands of people in East Pennsylvania are familiar with the witch doctor of Reading. No matter where he goes, by day or by night, in carriage or on foot, reople look after him and wonder who is his latest patient. Plain as a farmer, methodical, reserved, yet determined, and gifted with hard common sense, the witch doctor goes about his business, and in all the thirty years of his practice he has never been accused of wrongdoing His business thrives. They only send for me," said the doctor.

when the usual medical treatment fails.

Then they come for miles: from all directions, principally in the country districts. You may be sure that when I do come to a house the case I find requires strong measures. If the sufferer is a man or woman, boy or girl, it requires heroic attention. If the ordinary medical aid has failed, and the verdict of the neighbors is that the patient is suffering from witches, nothing short of something miraculous is going to satisfy them. I never tell a patient right out what I think of the case. Sometimes I find a young woman upstairs in a dark room shricking that seven devils are after her. She is in a terribly nervous state, pacing up and down the floor. while her parents are in terror below. They have read their Old and New Testaments faithfully, and they implore me to use my power to cast out devils or any familiar spirits that may possess the sufferer. I at once put myself in full communion with these people As they believe, so I believe. I hear their story. Every symptom is related to me. For weeks the patient has been acting like one essed; no sleep, no appetite, frightful imaginations, spasms, wasting away, shricks, hysteria, epilepsy, lunacy, whatever it may be. They say she is bewitched.

"I agree with them. I go up to the young woman, sit down with her, order the light of day turned into the room, take her by the hands, tell her to be calm, command her firmly. yet gently, to be quiet. I say I have come to cure her; I am the witch doctor. I tell her that I already know the evil spirit or demon that possesses her, and that I can certainly drive it from her. If she is strong enough I take her downstairs and out into the open air. To pacify her I may utter some strange sounds or words as I go; make some odd movements; turn a chair back to the door; lay sticks of wood in her path: do any odd thing that she sees. while I say that for the devil, that for the witch, that for the evil spirit; anything that will strike the patient as a remarkable act or declaration -something that she has never before seen or heard.

"I believe in animal magnetism. You see I am physically strong. I believe in mental control to a certain extent. I find that the unusual, extraordinary, mysterious or heathenish as you may put it, has a wonderful effect on such a sufferer. She watches me closely: listens attentively. I want her to do this. I want to distract her. It is wonderful how the patient calms down. I appear terribly in earnest to defeat the witch, and in this way I have gained the name of witch doctor. Then when have the patient quieted I proceed to give her medicine to quiet her nerves; I induce her to eat; I go through various incantations at the door and windows of her room, vowing that every evil influence will forever be barred out, and try with my own strong will to impress it upon the sufferer that she is to be free from the witch, and then I leave her.

In a majority of cases such afflicted women are restored to health by proper medical assistance and nursing. You know that in this age. while it is very much improved over the century just passed, there are yet many in the backwoods districts who still believe in being afflicted by spells from witches. Understand me, I do not say they are wrong. I have seen many strange cases and I cannot say that they were the result of an overwrought imagination. I only know that they acted as if they imagined they were verging on insanity. Indeed some have told me they thought so. Their nerves were completely upset. Yet all they needed was some strong force of mind and body to combat them and put them at their ease by assuring them that they would be certainly relieved from the powers of the witches or devils in them.

Men are not so often attacked. Young girls and young women are mostly afflicted. times I am called to see boys, and at other times bables in the cradle, who are apparently starving amid plenty, but who have shrunk to living skeletons. The parents of such babies invariably tell me an old woman witch is under suspicion. I at once enter into their belief and proceed with a number of incantations but leave medicines for the ailment I thin's the child is afflicted with, and then go away saying that I had baffled the witch, and giving special instructions about the first old woman who crosses their threshold. Mind you. I do not say that a spell cannot be put on a child or any one else. It is safer to tell you that all such cases are overwrought nervousness. But people have been possessed with devils in all ages. The Lord east out devils. Familiar spirits are chronicled in all histories. The American Indians had their medicine men who with incantations cast out devils, or evil spirits. We are no better than the people of a century or ten centuries ago. We are weaker and wiser, but we may be just as full of evil, and just as much subject to devils as the people of the past were. I don't say we are, but the supposition is that we are, because we are weaker and wiser.

We have keener imaginations, have more business, more mental activity, and our nerves are more played upon. Now couple a mental or a nervous disorder or disarrangement of any bodily function with an imagination of devilwitches or devils, and what is the result? It must not be said that a man who pretends to cast out witches is a believer in witchcraft. The patients, generally, are the believers, and they want human sympathy first, and then, having faith, they can be aided, possibly, better than in any other way. But, mind you, I don't say they are wrong. I don't say that the casting out of devils in the New Testament is false doctrine or pernicious teaching. The greatest scholars of past history believed in demonology. It is not for me to say they were wrong. No one of to-day will question the efficacy of prayer. Powwowing for burns or afflictions is simply praying for a cure or relief. You do not know what prayers may be said during incantations for the relief of the nervously distracted patient that is weeping, bewailing, moaning, jumping, shricking or hysterically laughing at some imaginary object before her. But, after all, it is the mastery over these sufferers that must be first secured. Their ravings must be conquered by mildness. They must be made to feel they are in the very presence of a witch doctor who has the power to destroy every evil influence. Very strange cases are met with. Of course

I would not dare tell of the indescribable things I see in the rooms of some of these female sufferers. Some are possessed with the wildest terror, fear and hallucinations of the most extraordinary character. They will not only confess they are bewitched, but they will name the witch. No matter if a perfectly innocent, Christian woman is pointed out, I must promutly coincide and proceed accordingly; cure the sufferer, and when she is out of dangertell her that she had hold of the wrong witch, that it was an entirely different cause. She will then be in a proper condition to receive this news. Of course there are incantations and prayers for every strange affliction or malady. Many people denounce it as black art. I have never yet pretended to supernatural powers. I would not openly say to any one that it is witchcraft or devils or demons that I attend to, but for present purposes I will say that it is nervous or mental affliction brought on by various causes. Give a roung woman living a lonely life near a woods a change of scene. Take her would not dare tell of the indescribable

to a busy, lively city. See what a wonderful change soon will come. Give a girl company and it will make hera new being. I believe in home, sweet home, but at times there must be a change. A strange man can always do more with a patient than one who is well known I say nothing against the family doctor. He is a good and much-needed person. But in extraordinary cases there must be an extraordinary remedy. I do not wear a gown or any old dress, when I drive out devils. I simply appear in my everyday clothes. If it is too warm I take off my coat. First of all I get ventilation in the room, and then go to work to baffle the witch, or witches. That is, if the patient can see me, and is in his full senses. The patient must see me and feel the full force of my work. When patients are cured I may relieve their minds still further by more light on the subject. It would not do for me to tell them I did not believe in witches, I do not say there is no such thing. I have seen

too many strange cases." There are several men here who are said to ossess unusual powers in this line of healing.

'ALL'S WELL AND AN IRISHMAN DEAD.' The Antipathy Between the Celts of Ireland

and the Celts of Scotland. The antipathy between the Celts of Ireland and the Celts of Scotland has often been a source of wonderment to strangers, who are unfamiliar with the complex characteristics of the Celtic temperament. Though these people sprang from the same race, centuries of differing conditions and environment have made them practically two races with a pecultarly bitter feeling of race rivalry among the uneducated persons of each. This feeling has ecome modified with the spread of education. but still exists among the laboring population to a certain extent, and is sometimes seen when Irish laborers go to Scotland in harvest time for two or three weeks of work. The hatred between them was so strong about a generation ago that the saving, "All's well and an Irishman drowned in the Clyde" became some-

eration ago that the saying, "All's well and an Irishman drowned in the Clyde" became sometimes more than a joke in Glasgow, though now it is often uttered as a joke, and no one remembers the occasion which gave rise to it.

A well-known New York merchant, who began life in Belfast, Ireland, related last week an unpleasant experience he had many years ago, to illustrate how strong this race feeling ran in his young days.

"At the time I speak of," he said, "I was little more than a youth and was employed in a commission house in Belfast. I had a week's vacation and spent the last three days of it in a trip to Glasgow and back. I made my trip during the harvest season, when many hundreds of Irish laborers went to Scotland for work. The day of my return I spent wandering about Glasgow, having arranged to take the night boat back to Belfast. I spent the most of the time I had to spare in strolling through the streets in the poorest part of the town and saw several fights between Irish and Scotch laborers, the apparent hatred between them surprising me, though I had often heard of it before.

"There was more blood-curdling talk than bloodshed, however, and when I satisfied myself that murder was not about to be committed I always left the crywds to look after the fighters. At Glasgow Green, where the women are big and brawny and at that time went to public houses, as they call the saloone, and stood treat like men, I saw a stand up fight between two Amazons, one of whom had accused the other of having Irish blood in her velne. A delighted crowd sourred the two women on and they tore each other's hair and scratched and pummelled each other until the police arrived and took both of them into custody. Both of them then began to weep, and when I wen! away they were pleading with the police to be let go, declaring that they would never fight again and promising all kinds of impossible things.

"When I arrived at the dook I found the steamboat for Belfast at the pier and only the

impossible thinks.

When I arrived at the dock I found the steamboat for Belfast at the pier and only a few moonle around. The best was called the Camel and her appearance reminded me something of a dromedary I had once seen in a menagerie. She was long and narrow and her high paddle boxes suggested the humb of the camel. My funds were very low and I could take only a steerage ricket. I had often wished to find what a steerage passage would be like, anyway, and as the accult the like. hed to find what a steerage passage would like, anyway, and as the evening looked fine

wished to find what a steerage massage would be like, anyway, and as the evening looked fine and there appeared to be few massengers I thought I would be comfortable enough. Everything was pleasant until we came to Greeneck, where such a crowd of laborers with their wives and children got on board that the steerage and the deck reserved for steerage tassengers became crowded.

"As soon as we left Greenock the sky became overcast and the skipper predicted a dirty night. He was right. A raw, cold wind arose which stirred up an ugly, chopping sea, and sleet began to fall, which soon changed to drenching rain. In naif an hour it seemed to me that nearly every one on board was either drunk or seasick. It was specied on deck that my teeth were chattering in my head and when I went down into the crowded steerage I found the atmosphere unbearable. It was packed with men, women and children and here and there were groups of people cassing whiskey hottles around. Every time I massed one of these groups I was offered a drink of whiskey, but always declined the offer with the best grace I could.

"I found the deck cold and wet and a little less wretched than the steerage. One-half of the steerage passengers were Irishmen returning home, and a number of the others, as

less wretched than the steering. One-half of the steering passengers were Irishmen returning home, and a number of the others, as far as I could gather from their talk, were Scotch people who were going to see friends in Ireland. Suddenly with a loud "Whirr-ro-o" an Irish laborer struck a quiet-looking Scotchman in the face. The Scotchman retorted with interest and in two minutes three or four sets of combatants were fighting. The sallors came along with belaying pins, which they used on the fighters, and scattering them nut two of the worst offenders in irons. By this time the deck was slippery with blood. "Then a young fellow, apparently not more than 20, but "fighting drunk," rushed around and said he wanted the blood of an Irishman. He tried to get up a fight with several people, hitting at them even with his head until he was led away by some companions. He evidently got all the fighting he wanted, for ten minutes later I saw him crying, with his face all covered with blood and all the fight gone out of him. A big man who saw me looking disgusted tried to pick a quarrel with me by asking:

"What the h-l do you think you are?" Be-

discusted tried to pick a quarrel with me by asking:

"What the h-l do you think you are?" Before I had time to reply another man tostled against him and diverted his attention. Words soon led to blows, and others joined in the fight. It was nearly always Scotch against Irish and Irish against Scotch.

"This miserable state of affairs lasted nearly all the way to Belfast. When we arrived there about a dozen of the fighters were in irons and most of the rest were too drunk to light any more. I made up my mind after that experience never to travel steerage in a Glasgow steamer in harvest time again."

SHERIFF DUNN'S SUCCESSOR

Candidates for a Rich Office Talked About Six Months in Advance of Nomination. The term of Sheriff Thomas J. Dunn expires at the close of the present year, and his successor-for under the State Constitution a Sheriff of a New York county is not eligible to succeed himself-will be elected in November. For three reasons, any one of which would probably be sufficient to explain publie interest in the matter, the consideration of the names and qualifications of candidates for Sheriff has already began, six months in advance of the date of nomination. In the first place the office of Sheriff of New York, if not the most lucrative in the United States, is certainly one of the most lucrative of public offices. The Sheriff receives a fixed salary of \$12,000, but be receives to addition one-half of the fees collected, and as these fees sie popularly understood to amount to about \$120,-(88) a year the Sheriff's share is \$60,000 or very nearly that, bringing up, in popular estimate, his annual pay to about \$72,000; by some persons it is computed even higher, at \$75,000. The Sheriff's term is two years and a capable, diligent, thrifty and wideawake Scheriff can in that period derive enough profit from the proceeds of his office to retire there-after. In the second place, the office of Sher-iff, teing a county office, is not affected by or subjected to the provisions established by the

THE BLACK CAT WAS TO BLAME. Peace Came to the Ship When the Disturb

ing Feline Was Tossed Overboard. Nobody ever knew how the black cat go aboard. There were no other cats to see her off, unless they got there early in the morning and cater sauled a farewell before dawn, then left the black cat alone to slink up the ganzplank under the skirts of some woman pas senger who arrived before breakfast for fear of getting left, or it may have been that she was smuggled in under the arm of the small boy in the steerage. A good many were under this impression, because when the final catastrophe culminated the small boy shed so many tears. At any rate, the black cat had got aboard, and bad luck certainly followed her. The ship had hardly passed Sandy Hook and got well out to sea before a heavy gale blew up from the north and storm clouds lowered. By noon she rocked like a cradle, the passenger at lunch nibbled things lightly with a fright ened look, turned suddenly white and staggered from the table; the stewards, slanting sidewise like wind-blown reeds, lightly skimmed the corridors, and the air was filled

with white-aproned stewardesses flying about

like ses gulls, answering bells.

The sea had turned an ominous gray under the darkened skies, and by night the waves were mountain high. The fiddle-strapped tables were almost deserted: the waters-skated across the room in the effort to save the dancing crockery, invariably arriving a second or motoclate; the saliver teapots and old blue cues hung in systematic rows on the ceiling in the pantry clashed and clattered; distressing groans issued from various and sundry staterooms and the woman knell on a veive cushion in the music room, pressed her face against a little curtained window and looked out. The view was neither inviting nor encouraging. The ship's big bow, when it was not rearing itself skyward, riunged headlong into the black trouch of the saa. Then giant waves dashing across the bow slapped the little window in the window i the darkened skies, and by night the waves were mountain high. The fiddle-strapped tables were almost deserted; the waiters skated

"Then," said they. "there must be a clergyman on board."

They rushed into the smoking room, where
they found a man huddled in a frightened
heap in one corner. "This is our man," they
shouted, and they acted as if they were about
to bind him hand and foot and pitch him overboard, when het riumphantly produced pocketful of poker chips and proved to their astisfaction that he had already pald his trayelling expenses out." his winnings, and the
ship only a day and a night out. They looked
at him in amazement, then at one another.

"No clergyman ever had such luck_as that,"
they said. "Then there must be a black cat
aboard." and they proceeded to search in
every nook and corner for the black cat. They
found her curled up in a blanket in the search
age in suspiciously close vicinity to the
a small boy. With flendish sleet they bore her
aloft, in spite of much secratching and spitting,
grasped her by the hind legs and slung her
out to sea, where she lost all her nine lives in

the were lolling about town studying the sit
uation, to find out the best hour for raiding the
bank, they excited the curiosity and interest ob
the with swo asked them to give an exhibition of their horsemanship. This was exactly
water there in citizens who asked them to give an exhibition of their horsemanship. This was exactly
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the view wo note keep thour for raiding the
bank, they excited the curiosity and interest of
the citizens, who asked them to give an exhibition of their horsemanship. This was the thorse was exercise.
For several days the town turned
out late in the afternoon on the river bank the edition. While they grasped her by the hind legs and slung her out to sea, where she lost all her nine lives in one fell swoop under a big black wave.

Then the wind wert down, the waves stopped lashing and took to licking with a soft melodious sound, like a cat lapping milk; the gray clouds cleared and left the sea shining under the rays of a little old moon, the crockery quit danning, the stewardesses sat down and rested a while, the girl with the red cheeks suddenly husbed her moaning and dropped off to sleep, the woman took off her life preserver, the ship's crew, following the example of the red-cheeked girl, sank psacefully into slumber, and the small boy in the steerage, doubling himself up in a disconsolate knot, sobbed.

WHEN JURYMEN DINE.

They Are Apt to Be Cheerful, Even if They Have a Murder on Their Hands.

The jurors who serve at murder trials might se supposed to be so much influenced by the solemn nature of their duties in court as to carry a sort of courtroom air with them when they go to dinner. This, it appears, is far from being the case. It has been found that the thought of having to decide whether a fellow being shall die in the electric chair or go free does not affect their appetites or interfere with their appreciation of the good things of

low being shall die in the electric chair or go free does not affect their appetites or interfere with their appreciation of the good things of this life. The prorector of a restaurant where jurymen dine said:

"The jurors in civil cases who dine here are generally solemn and sedate, while the jurors in murder cases are usually cheerful and lively. Why is this so? The principal reason, I believe, is that the civil jurors pay for their own meals, while the jurors in murder cases since at the expense of the State. The latter know that the State is a generous paymaster and that they will lave a good dinner anyway, while the civil jurors know that if they want a first-class dinner they will have to pay for it. Another reason is that the jurors in murder cases find it a great relief to get away from the courtroom for a short time. They are giad to unbend and become for the time being like other neople.

"These jurors are allowed to have a first-class dinner, but no liquor of any kind. Nometimes a juror who has served for the first time wants something to drink, such as beer or whiskey or a conktoil, but there are six court officers in charge of the jury, and at the first sign of ordering a drink one of the officers comes up and warns the jurory that he must not drink any liquor. The six court officers always six at a table by themselves, near enough to watch the table where the jury are seated and at the same time far enough away not to embarrase the jurors when they are engaged in conversation. They keep a watch on the jurors must not read the newspapers and when a newsboy comes in all the six officers are on the alect. Occasionally a member of the jurors must not read the newspapers, and beckons the newsboy to come up. You should see how fast the court officers get between the jury and the newsboy then. The juror is cautioned and reminded of the instructions given to he had any entire site of the jury has come in for dinner and know that a murder case labelt of the purpose of the jurors when the salonne where he w

BANDITS' PLAN TO LOOT.

BANKS OF FIFE TOWNS OF MINNESOTA ON THE LIST OF THE RAIDERS.

Dash Across the State and Into Dakota with the Booty-Free Show by the Gang at Mankato-Failure at Northfield Spolled the Plan-An Old Guerrilla's Story.

Train robberies and bank robberies, as they were executed years ago," said the old guerrilla, who continues to live quietly in the upper end of Manhattan, his past unknown to his neighbors, "were as carefully planned as battles, and sometimes more so, for a General often fights before he gets ready."

The Sun reporter, who knows the history of

the old man, had asked him about the billing the Minnesota Legislature framed for the purpose of pardoning Jim and Cole Younger, who, with the James boys and their gang, raided the Northfield First National Bank in 1876 The bill has passed the Senate by a vote of 33 to 18, and its passage by the House is assured in spite of strenuous opposition. When the measure was in committee, leading citizens from all over the State appeared before the committee to advocate the enactment of the bill or protest against it. While citizens from Northfield fought it, several ministers, among others, advocated the bill in the name of humanity. The Missouri Legislature had preriously recommended indirectly the pardon of the Youngers.

"Very few people know," said the old guerrilla, "how that Northfield Bank robbery was planned. I reckon I know, as I was invited to be one of the party. There was a fel-low named Bill Chadwell. His home was in Hastings, Minn. Bill had few if any friends in the town. He was a loafer. Measly and good-forpothing as he was, and as all town loafers are, he had a little of that natural gumption which such men have that gave him an inkling of what was going on where he lived and in the country. Nobody ever knew how Bill Chadwell found out that Gov. Ames of Massachusetts and Ben Butler were depositors in the Northfield Bank to the amount of \$75,000. But Bill Chadwell knew of it, and while he was sulking about the corners of Hastings he suddenly disappeared, and there wasn't a man in town who would have gone around a block to bring him back. I reckou Bill did not stop many times in his journey to Missouri. He headed for Jesse James and told him of the money in the Northfield Bank. He told James that in the vicinity of Northfield were the towns of Mankato, Rochester, St Peter and Le Sueur. There was a bank in each town. The farmers had deposited most of their earnings in these banks.

Bill Chadwell knew every hogpath in his State, and while he was a coward when alone, he was just the sort of fellow to do work for Jesse James. The Minnesota raid was not planned by the Youngers. When Bill Chadwell had infatuated Jesse James with the scheme to raid a half dozen banks in Minnesota and clear out with the booty to Dakota. Jesse submitted the plan to his brother Frank Jesse and Cole Younger were not friendly. Frank James and Cole were comrades Jesse wanted Cole to go on the expedition and Frank was deputized to win Cole to the raid. I know that Cole Younger was opposed to it. He said, and at that time it was true, that they had better stay where they were known if they expected to remain in the business of robbing trains and banks. Cols Younger was hard up. He realized that he could not get work that would pay him, as he thought, and, besides, he was branded as a bandit, and to object to anything the leaders

suggested was to incur their hatred. The plotters finally agreed, and one day in the summer of 1876 Bill Chadwell, loafer from Hastings, rode into Minnesota followed by the James boys, the Youngers, Cole, Jim and Bob, Charley Pitts and Ciell Miller. The first town they entered was Mankato. They represented themselves as Missouri horse traders. While they were loiling about town studying the situation, to find out the best hour for raiding the bank, they excited the curiosity and interest of the citizens, who asked them to give an exhibition of their horsemanship. This was exactly what the raiders wanted. It gave their horses exercise. For several days the town turned out late in the afternoon on the river bank to watch the racing and shooting at targets by the men who had come into the State on a bold expedition. While they lasted these exhibitions were as much enjoyed by the people as a circus would have been. During the day the riders, mounted on well-groomed and fleet horses, paraded the streets followed by an admiring crowd. themselves as Missouri horse traders. While

horse is to head as soon as the work is done. The last Sunday the riders were in Mankato a parley was hold, at which Cole Younger told he bors that the Mankato and he had learned in his own was that the bank did not earry enough money to warrant a raid, and he had discovered that the strip the bank did not earry enough money to warrant a raid, and he had discovered that the serve the old the term of the strip the

The Schoelboy's Acknowledgment.

Extract from letter written by youngster away at school, to his father at home acknowledging remittance:

DEAR POP: Yours, with five plunks in closed, received. Many happy returns of the day!